

№3
AUGUST

IND.

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
PUBLISHED BY

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

HERBIE

ODDEN
& WHITNEY

12¢

H-HELP!

W-WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO TO
US, HERBIE?

YOU WANT
I SHOULD BOP YOU
WITH THIS HERE
LOLLIPOP?

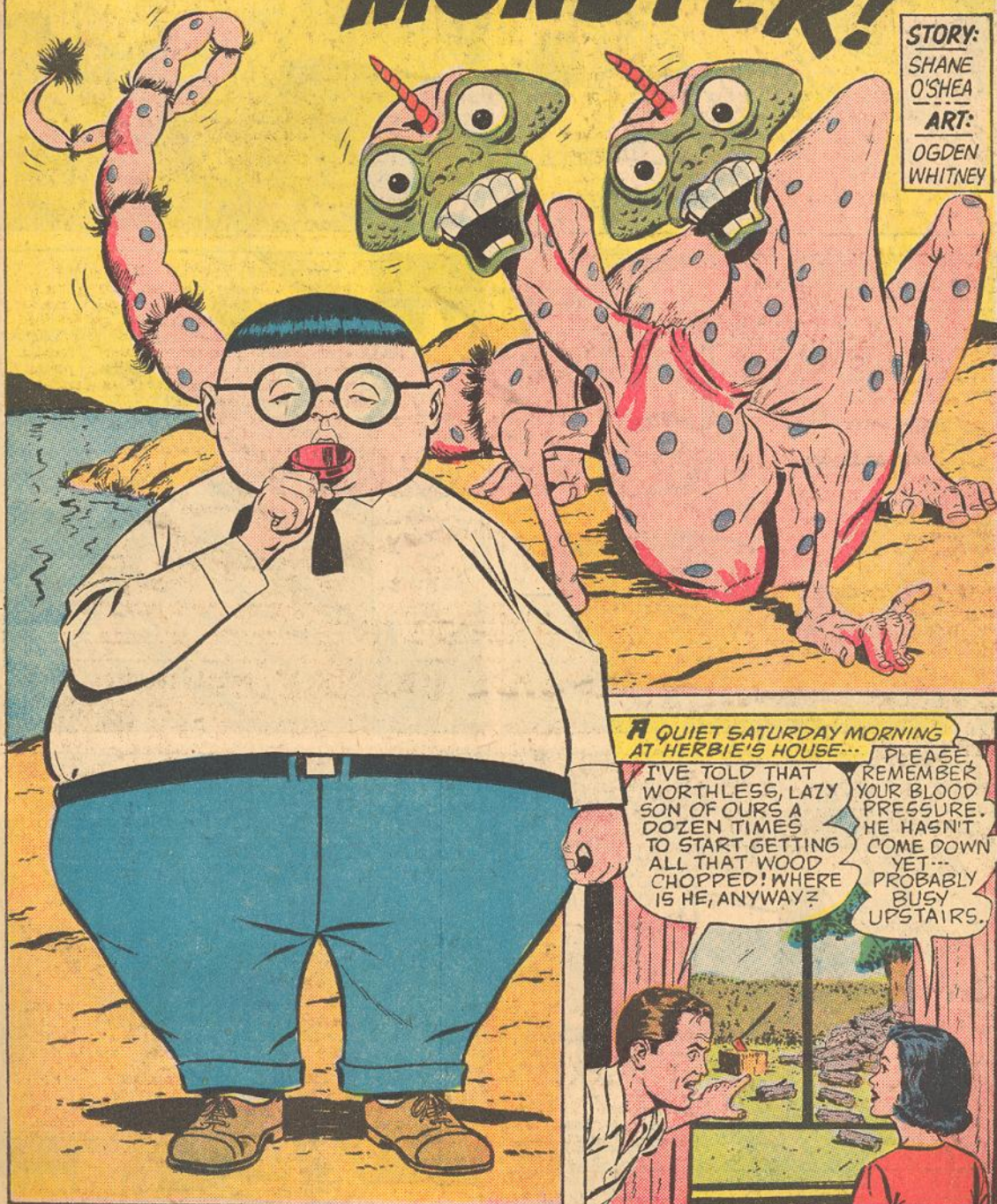


HERBIE POPNECKER IS SOMETHING VERY, VERY SPECIAL. SOMETHING LIKE THE NEW FRONTIER, EXCEPT THAT HE'S THE FAT FRONTIER. HE'S GOT POWERS THAT HE HASN'T EVEN TRIED YET. DON'T BOTHER WRITING IN TO TELL US YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN HERBIE, BECAUSE HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN **YOU**. JUST TIE YOURSELF TO THE NEAREST CHAIR, SCREAM WITH FRIGHT AND DARE TO READ THE TERROR TALE OF

HERBIE *and the* LOCH NESS MONSTER!

STORY:
SHANE
O'SHEA

ART:
OGDEN
WHITNEY



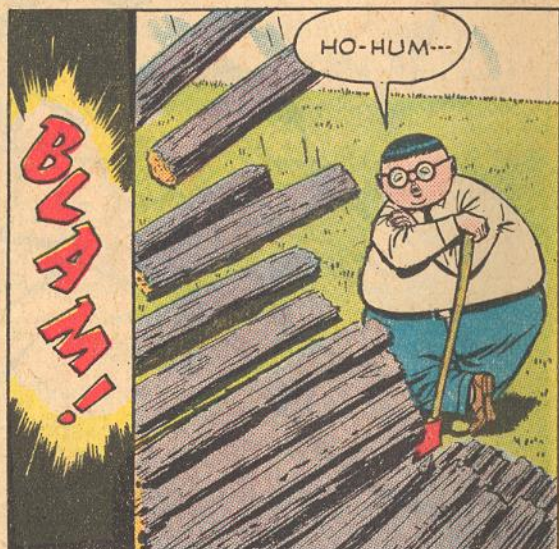
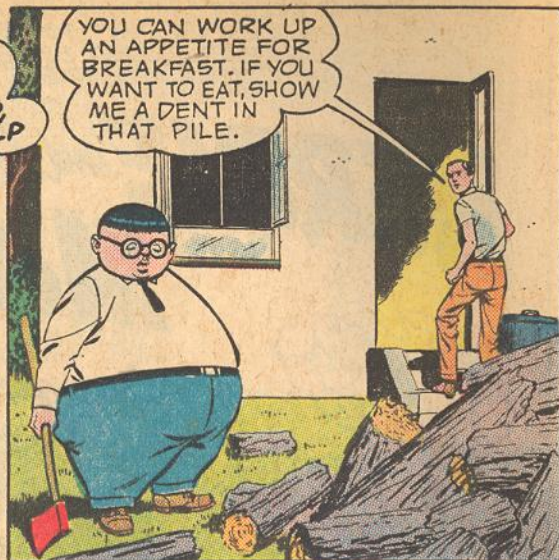
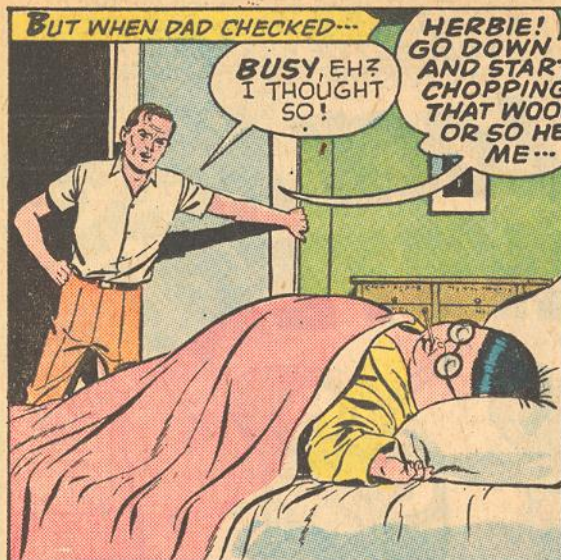
**A QUIET SATURDAY MORNING
AT HERBIE'S HOUSE...**

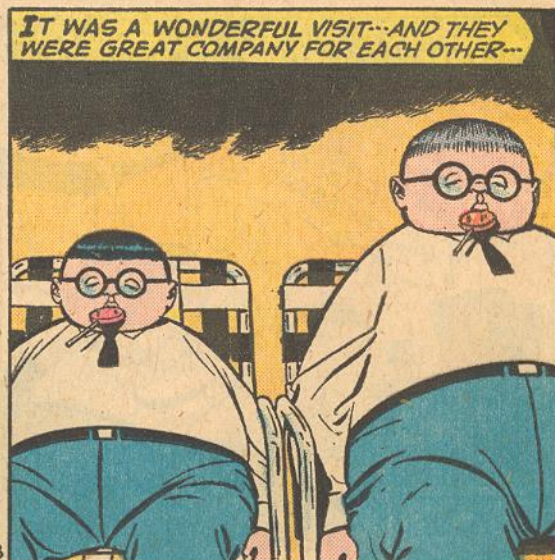
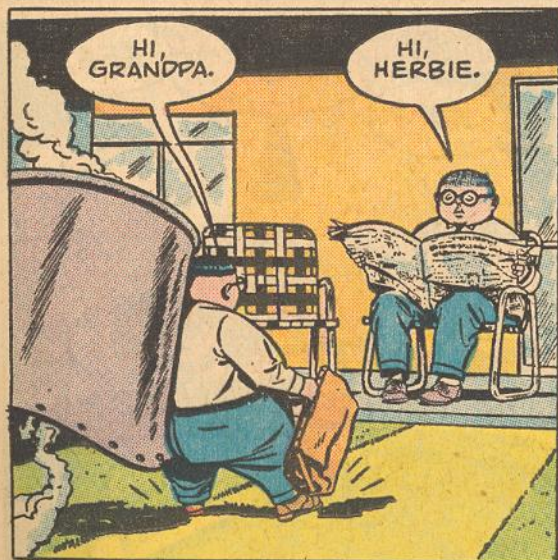
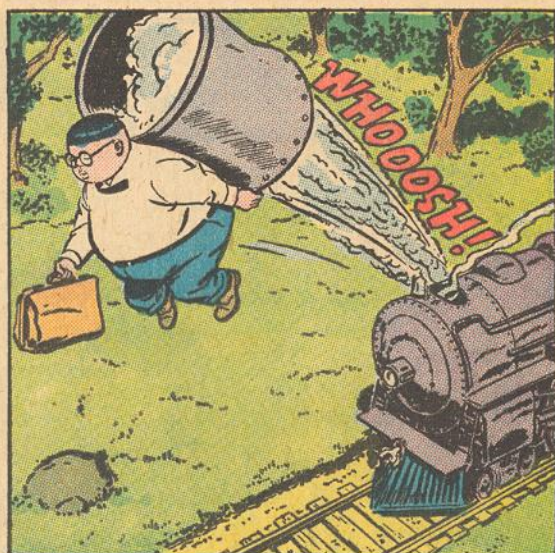
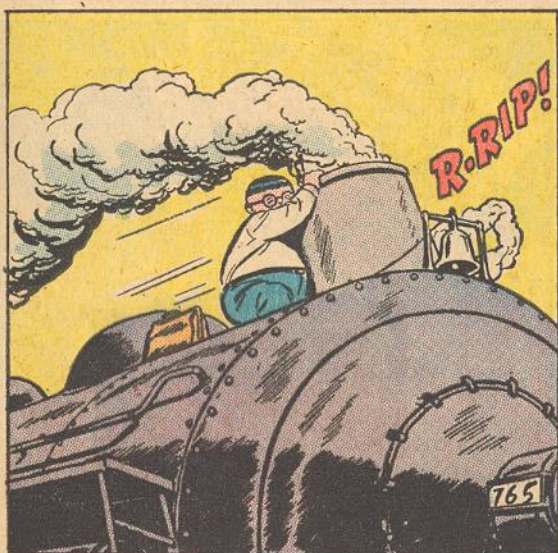
I'VE TOLD THAT
WORTHLESS, LAZY
SON OF OURS A
DOZEN TIMES
TO START GETTING
ALL THAT WOOD
CHOPPED! WHERE
IS HE, ANYWAY?

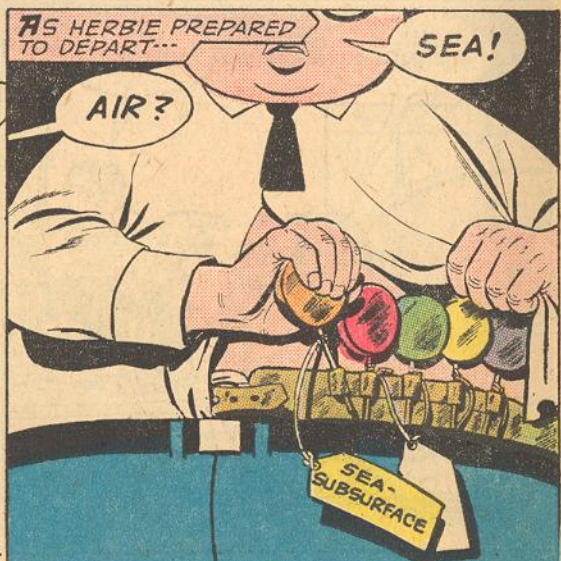
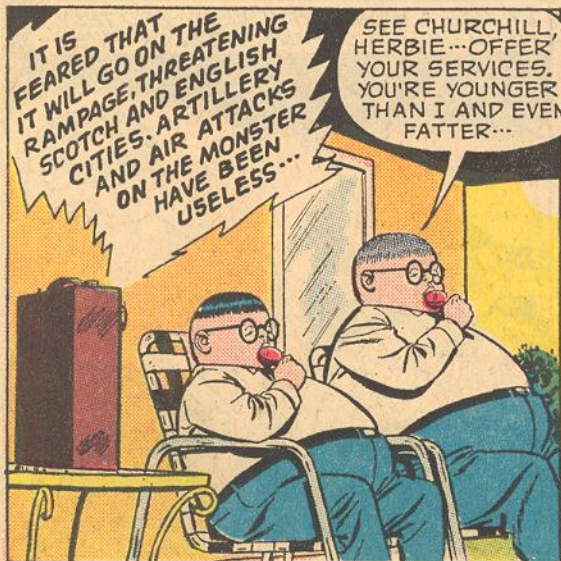
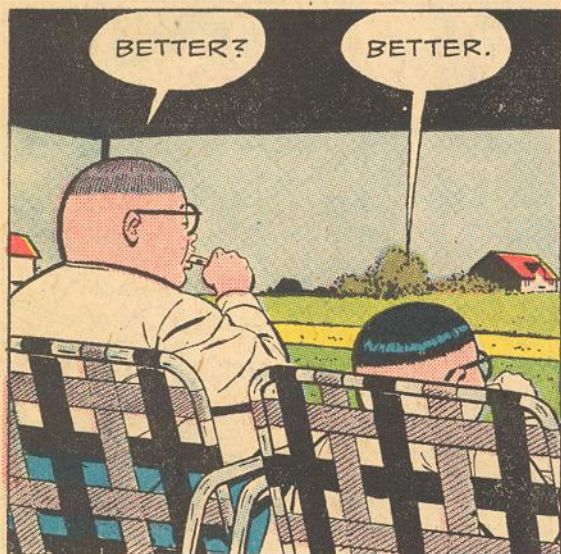
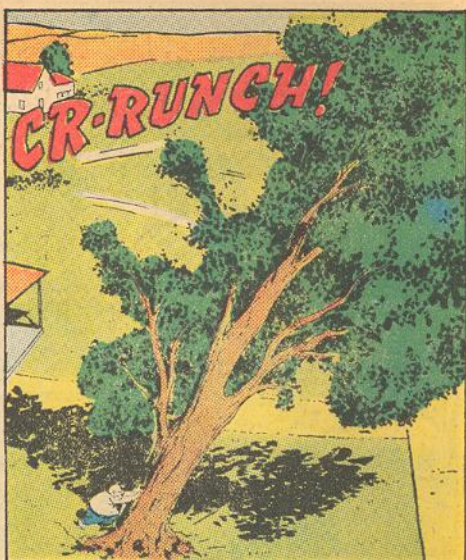
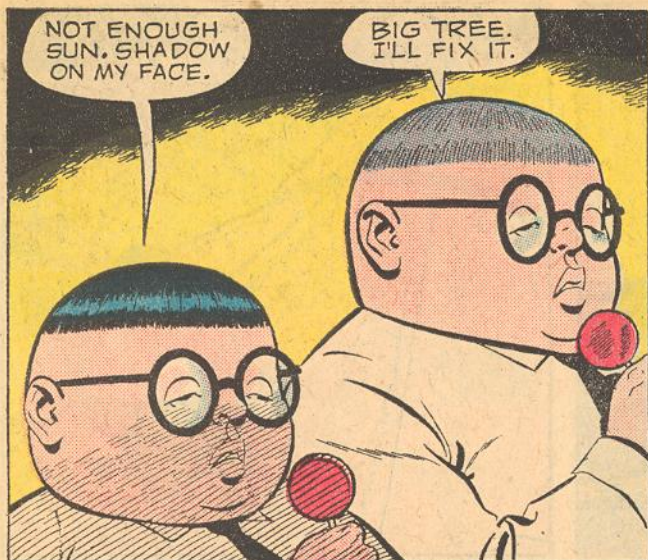
PLEASE
REMEMBER
YOUR BLOOD
PRESSURE.
HE HASN'T
COME DOWN
YET...
PROBABLY
BUSY
UPSTAIRS.

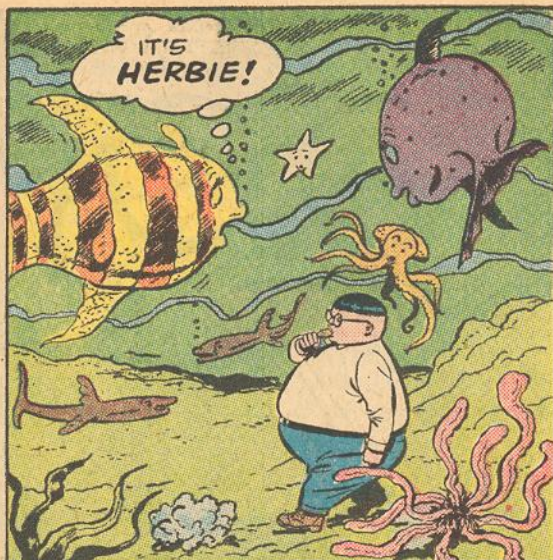
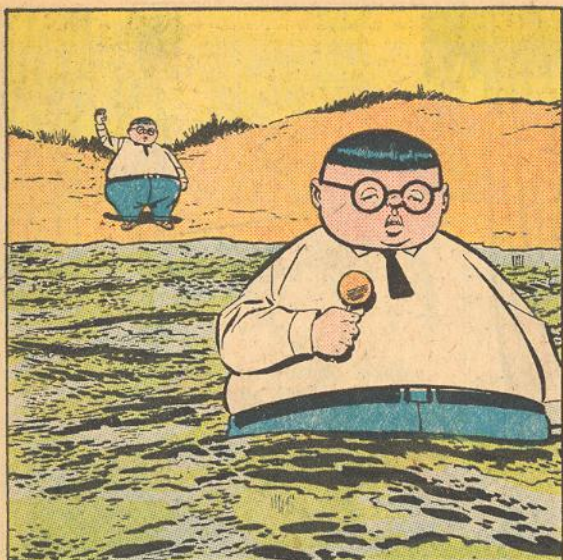


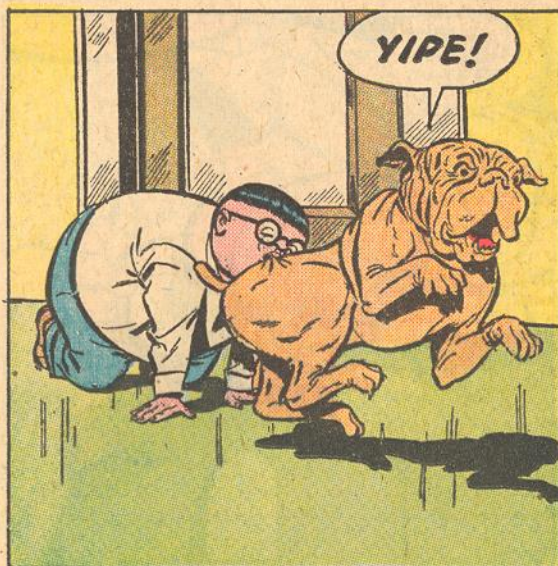
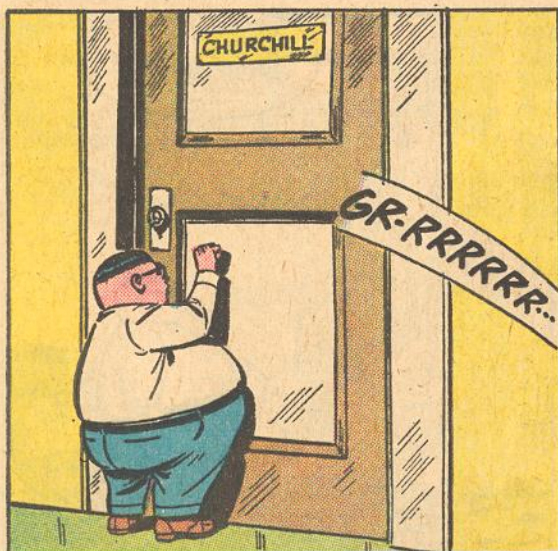
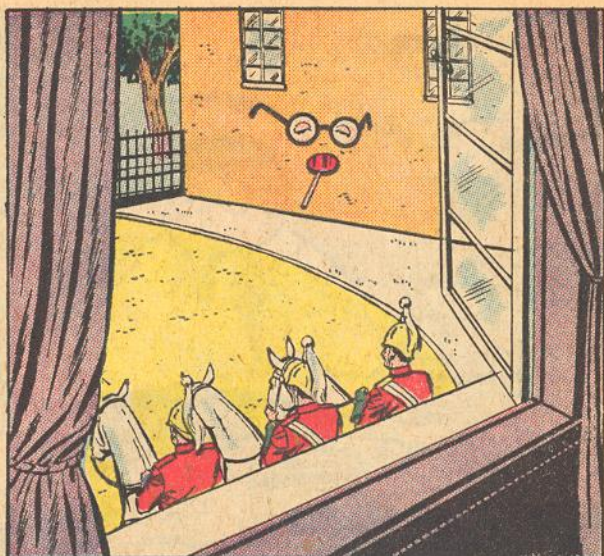
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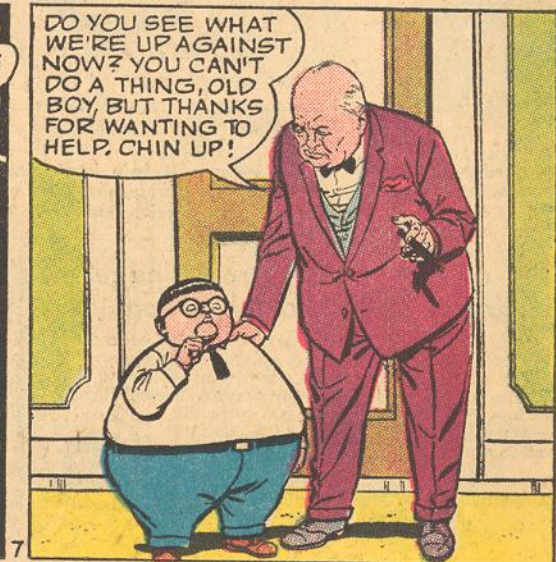
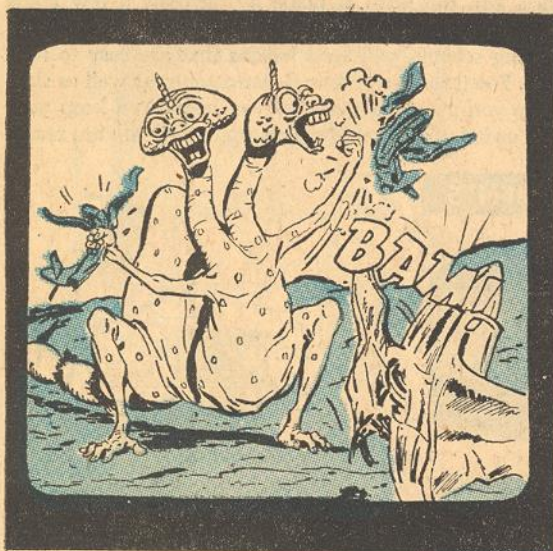


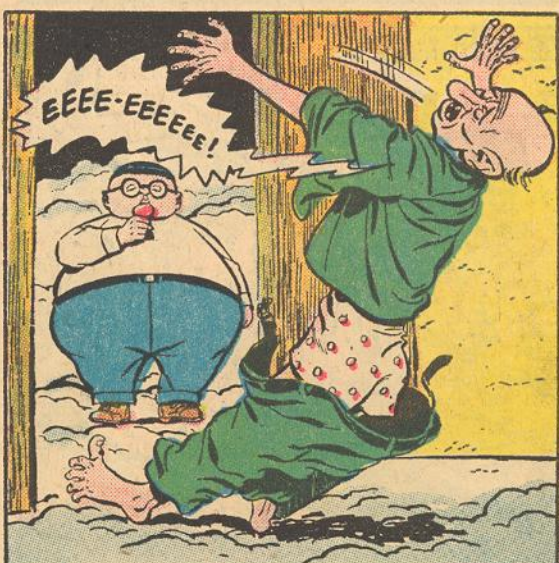
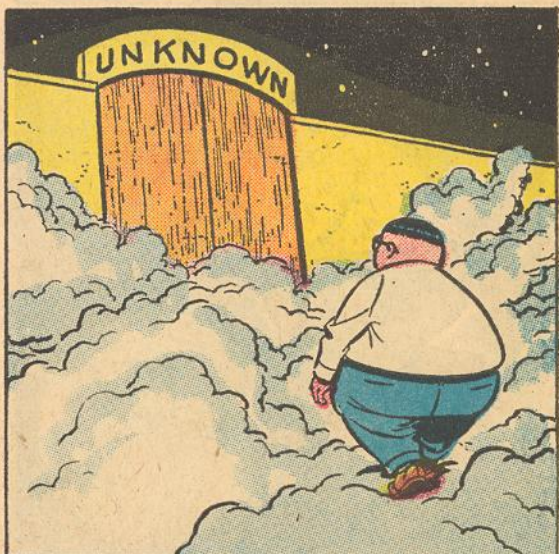
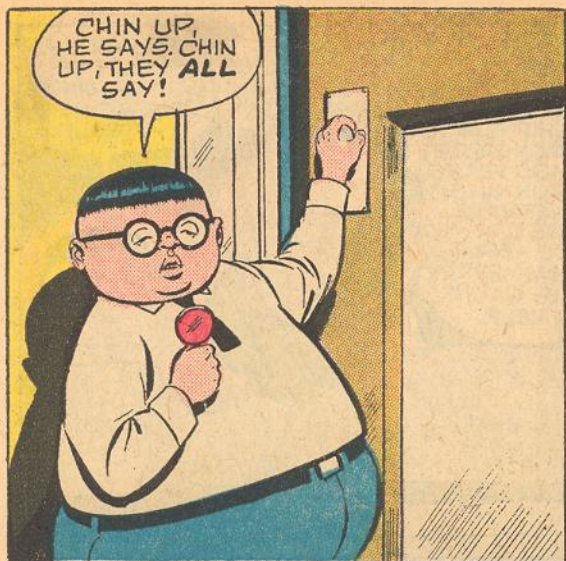


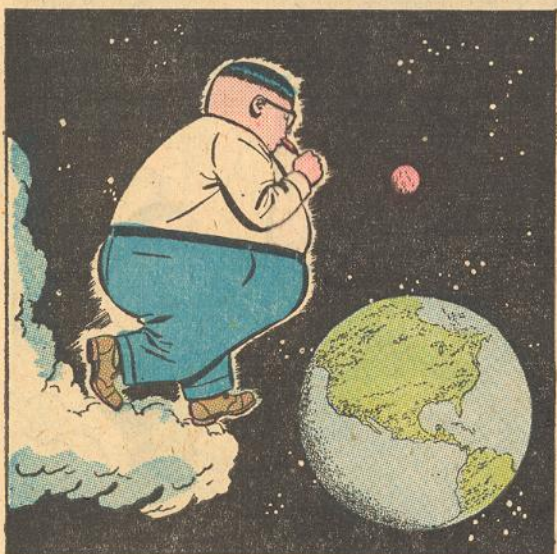
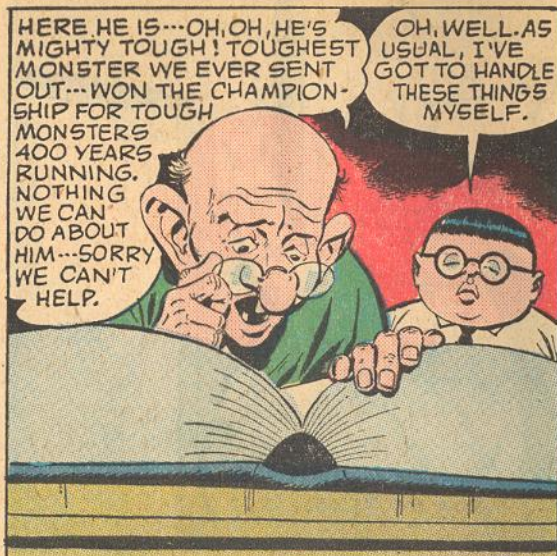


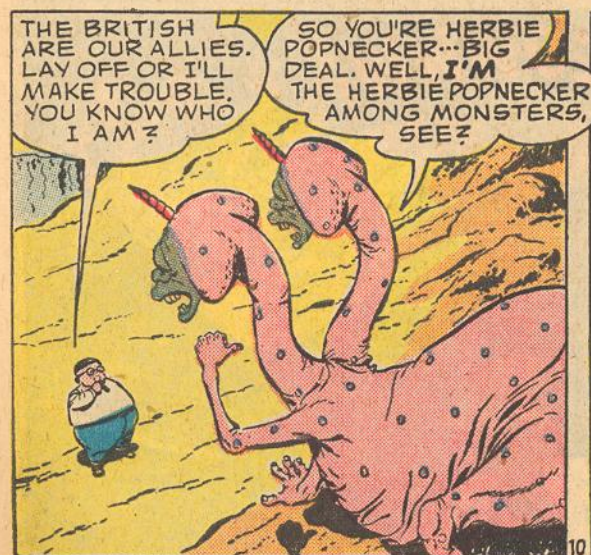
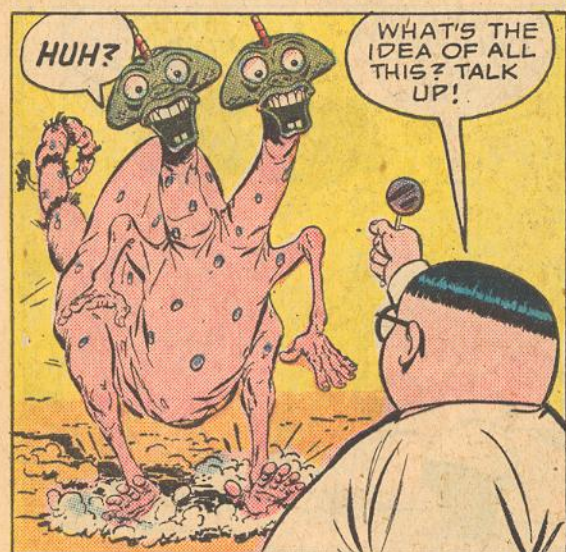
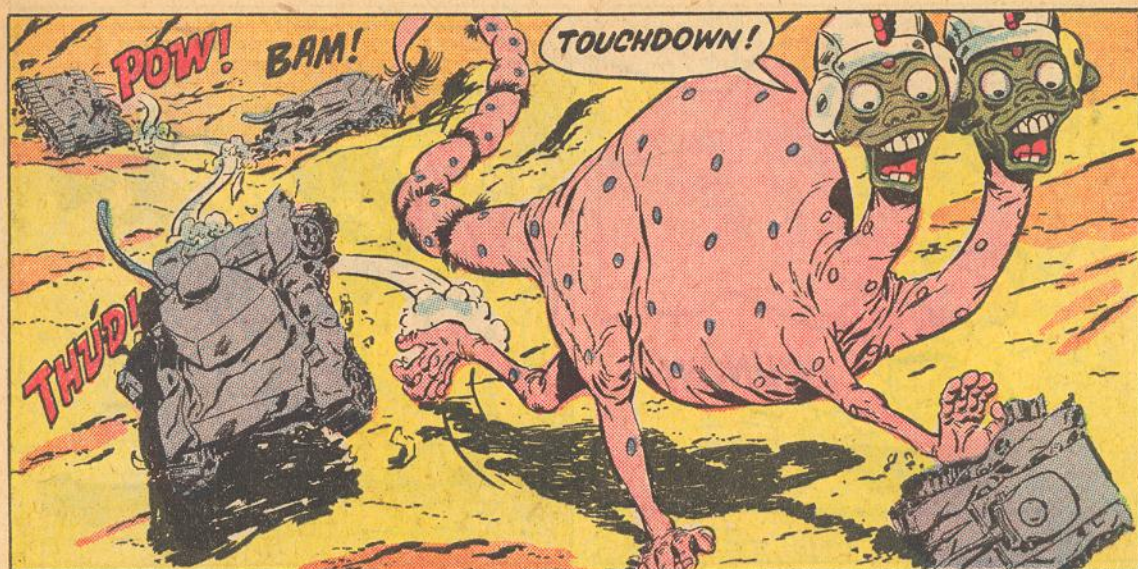


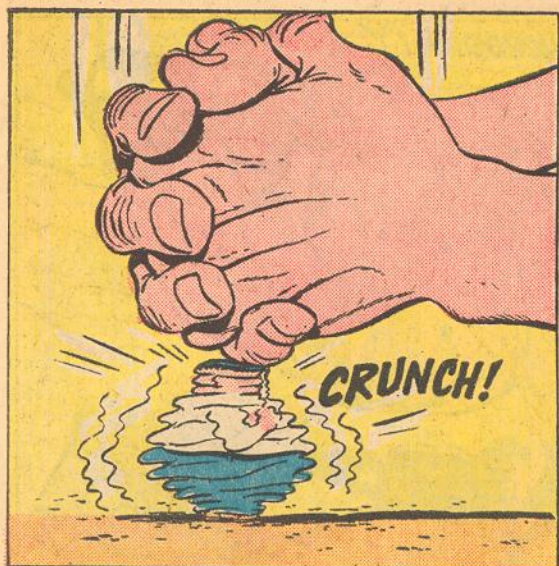






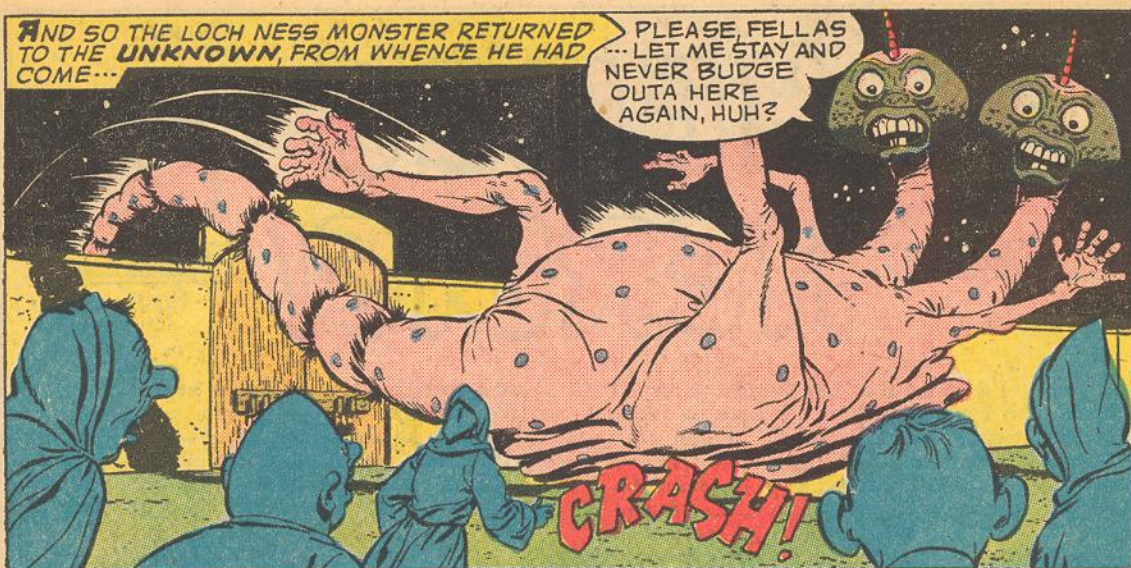






AND SO THE LOCH NESS MONSTER RETURNED TO THE **UNKNOWN**, FROM WHENCE HE HAD COME...

PLEASE, FELLAS
... LET ME STAY AND
NEVER BUDGE
OUTA HERE
AGAIN, HUH?



...AND FOR YOUR BRAVE
AND NOBLE SERVICES
TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND,
I KNIGHT YOU **DUKE OF
POPNECKER!**



TELL ME, HERBIE
...DON'T YOU THINK
I'M PRETTIER THAN
LADYBIRD?

TO TELL YOU
THE TRUTH, I
KNOW MOSTLY
FROM LOLLIPOPS!



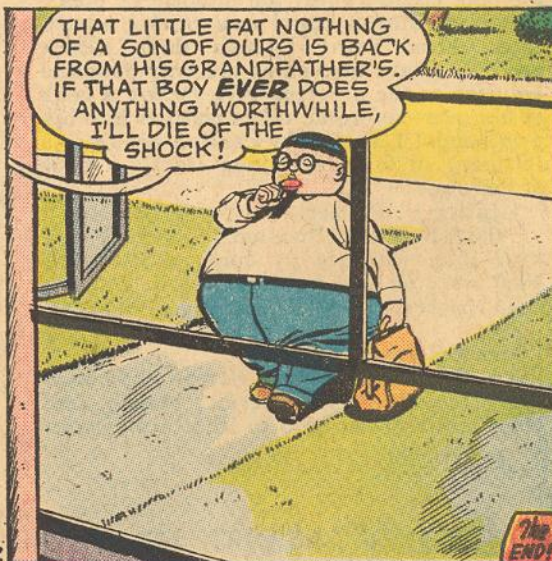
LATER...BACK HOME...

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL
THAT THE LOCH NESS
MONSTER SEEMS TO
HAVE DISAPPEARED?
WHY, IT MIGHT HAVE
MENACED THE ENTIRE
BRITISH EMPIRE! IT'S
GOOD NEWS, ALL
RIGHT...

YES...BUT NOW
PREPARE YOUR-
SELF FOR SOME
BAD NEWS!
LOOK!



THAT LITTLE FAT NOTHING
OF A SON OF OURS IS BACK
FROM HIS GRANDFATHER'S.
IF THAT BOY **EVER** DOES
ANYTHING WORTHWHILE,
I'LL DIE OF THE
SHOCK!





HERE'S HERBIE!



Look. I'm a man of few words. You all know who I am...won't waste time on jerky introductions. Editor wanted to run this Department with a lot of fancy talk. Had to bop him and take over. Want to have an understanding with all you readers. Promise to bring you great stories. Greatest in the world. All about me and every word true. In return, you buy every issue or get clobbered. Another thing—write and tell me how you like my new magazine. Address: "HERBIE", American Comics Group, 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Better write—I get mad easy. Be nice and your letter might even get published. Here are the sort of letters that made 'em give me my own magazine. Go ahead. Read.

"Dear Editor:-

One look at the cover of the new issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' was enough to tell me, 'Herbie's back!' With shaking hands, I snatched the comic from the rack. I tossed fifteen cents to the store-keeper on my way out and, not even waiting for my change, beat it home just as fast as my little legs could carry me. At home I ran into great danger, my two younger brothers foaming at the mouth as they struggled desperately for the comic; all the while screaming 'Gimme-gimme, it's got Herbie in it!' Only after I had battled my way to my room and barred the door could I enjoy the fathomless pleasure of reading a brand new Herbie adventure. After living through three Herbie stories, I have arrived at the only possible solution to the problem—give Herbie a book of his own—before he takes matters into his own hands! I am hereby casting my vote (a lollipop) in favor of giving Herbie a book of his own!

—James H. Palmer,

6518 Belcrest, Houston 17, Texas."

Well—they gave me my book, didn't they? What more do you want? James H. Palmer, huh? I'm keeping my eye on you...

"Dear Editor:-

We, the members of the Herbie Popnecker Fan Club, Rutgers University branch, feel it is unfair to our hero to limit his appear-

ance to only an occasional story. A fellow like Herbie, who displays such sterling devotion to American ideals and does so with such humor and ingenuity, ought to have a whole magazine to himself. We humbly plead with you to give us more of Herbie!

—The Herbie Popnecker Fan Club

Jean C. Prescott, President

Sandra J. Bailey, Vice-President

Judy E. Freund, Secretary-Treasurer

Laura A. Johnston, Historian

What are you dames yelling about? You're reading me now—whole book full of me and you deserve it. But you're good kids. Let's see...Jean, Sandra, Judy and Laura...remind me not to bop you.

"Dear Editor:-

There it was..."HERBIE"...you can guess the result. I bought FW No. 116 without further examination. 'Herbie Goes To The Devil'—topnotch once more! The ridiculous, yet delightful idiocy once more prevailed in this strip. The puns and parodies—excellent! Herbie deserves his own comic by now, I'm positive you'll agree.

—Paul Gambaccini,

8 Elizabeth Dr., Westport, Conn."

I'll say the Editor agreed—he's chicken. All I did was break both his arms and—you're reading it.

"Dear Editor:-

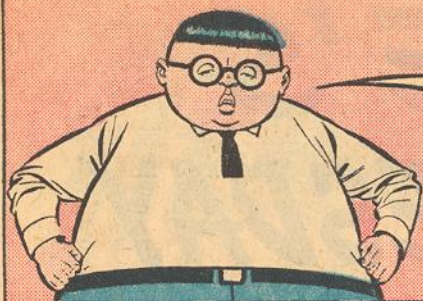
I am 22 years old and a recent graduate of Brown University in Providence, R. I. Congratulations to you for Herbie Popnecker, who is one of the most aware characters in all of American literature—my major at the University. Herbie's imperturbable way is very reminiscent of Melville's Ishmael and the lollipop stands as the perfect symbol of the modern anti-child-hero. Herbie swings with his Buddha nature like today's super-heroes never dared!

—Barry Walter,

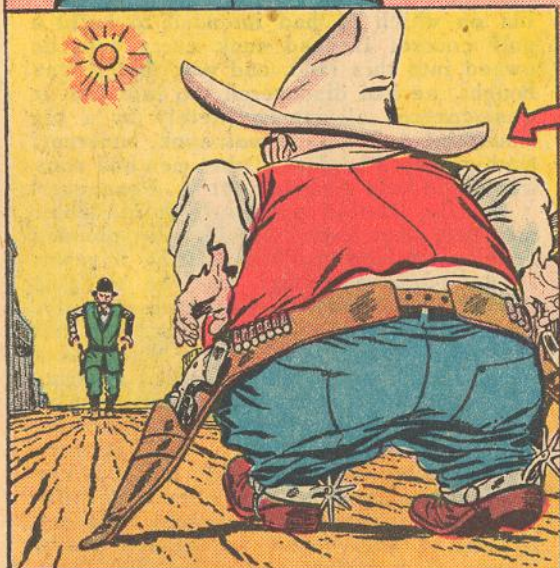
65 John Street, Providence, R. I."

This character makes with long words. With me, it's get in my way and Wham! Can't be bothered with details.

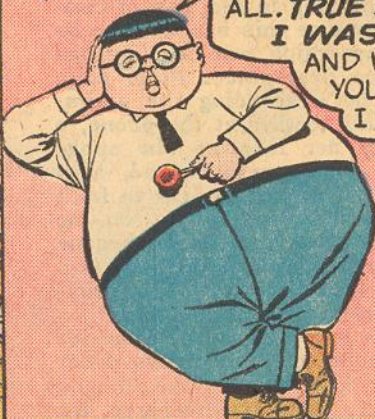
YOUR LIFE WON'T BE WORTH LIVING WITHOUT "HERBIE"! HE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT!



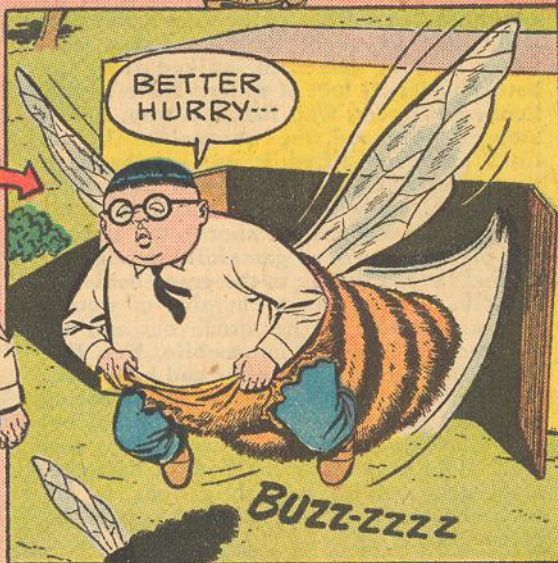
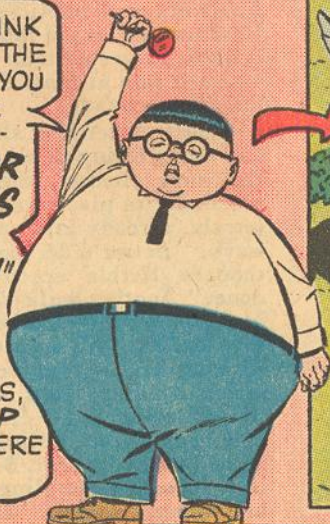
LISTEN, YOU---YOU **PEOPLE**,
YOU! GOT BIG NEWS ABOUT
NEXT ISSUE. JUST
LISTEN---AND LOOK!



SCENE FROM THE LEAD
FEATURE---"**BIG FAT MESS
AT THE OKAY CORRAL!**"
ONLY THE GREATEST STORY
EVER WRITTEN, THAT'S
ALL. **TRUE** STORY, TOO.
I WAS THERE---
AND WAIT TILL
YOU SEE **HOW**
I WAS THERE!



CRAZY IF YOU THINK
THAT'S ALL. FOR THE
SAME LOW PRICE, YOU
GET TO SEE ME
GIVE OUT IN---
"**PROFESSOR
FLIPDOME'S
SCREWY
MACHINE!**"
JUST WATCH
ME GET OUT
OF **THIS** FIX.
NO WISE CRACKS,
OR I'LL **BEE-BOP**
YOU WITH THIS HERE
LOLLIPOP!



ORDERS FROM HERBIE: "OKAY, YOU SQUARES. IT'S A DATE
FOR **HERBIE NO. 4**, SEPTEMBER ISSUE---ON SALE AT ALL SMART
NEWSSTANDS BY MID-JULY. OF COURSE, YOU DON'T **HAVE** TO BUY IT
---YOU CAN BE STUPID. ONLY MEANS BLOOD, FRACTURES, TEETH SCATTERED
AROUND. NOT NICE. BETTER BUY."

BUY "HERBIE!"

HERBIE'S TYPICAL TUESDAY

It was a bright Tuesday that Herbie awoke to, but he felt tired and lethargic. A good day to take things easy, he decided. Relax. Don't extend yourself, except to climb into the hammock for a quiet snooze. And there was nothing in the way of complete comfort, because this happened to be a school holiday—which was why he had slept late in the first place. *Plop, plop, plop*—that was he descending the stairs. And there was his mother at the phone, a worried look on her face as she spoke breathlessly to her special friend, Mrs. McGillicuddy. "I—I parked the car in front of the house and forgot to put on the brakes", she was saying in woebegone tones, "and it rolled down the hill and into the lake! Oh, I'm so afraid to tell my husband when he comes home for lunch...."

There was only one thing to do. A hurried breakfast, a donning of swim trunks under his clothes and down to the lake trudged Herbie Popnecker, Mr. Three-By-Three. He could have dived in, but he didn't, because if he had he might have caused a tidal wave. He just walked in, walked along the bottom under 20 feet of water. There it was. Looked different. Wet, that was why. Herbie stooped, grasped the automobile by its front axle and lifted it up, staring at it thoughtfully. Have to get a new one someday soon. Showing wear. He flipped his hand upward and the car shot to the surface, left the water, soared gracefully through the air and landed lightly in the grass bordering the lake. There was a churning of water—that was Herbie as he strode out and approached the dripping automobile. Wet. Dad would be sure to know what had happened. He dried the car thoroughly with a searing look and pushed it back up the street because he was too young to drive. That was that. He'd done what he had to because, after all, a fella had obligations to his mother. Now for a good, relaxing rest in the hammock.....

But the hammock wasn't for him—not yet, anyway. There came Dad up the walk, home for lunch. He didn't like to see Herbie in the hammock. Funny that way. Oh, well—so Herbie would eat. It wasn't exactly a pleasant meal, because Dad was worried. Plenty worried! It seems that he had made a large investment in a tract of land down in Flor-

ida on which he had intended to build a golf course. He had sunk every cent he owned into this land, and now that it was bought, he had discovered too late that it was covered almost completely by a big mountain! And now he was sunk, bankrupt. Nothing could be done. Other men had sons who could help them, but not Mr. Popnecker!

Wearily, Herbie pushed back his chair and left the room. Outside, he plodded heavily up into the air, stifling a yawn. *Plop, plop, plop*—that was he trudging through the sky. He looked down sleepily. Yeah, that was Florida, all right. And that was Dad's property. Tch, tch. Sure was a big mountain on it. Herbie stared thoughtfully at it and it stared back at him meanly. Almost as if it were saying, "Wanna make something out of it, Bub?" Well, if there was one thing that he couldn't stand, it was tough mountains. Slowly, he extracted his stock of lollipops and inspected them one by one. *Orange*. Okay for sudden death. *Lemon*. Best for mayhem. *Lime*. For large elephants or small dinosaurs. *Chocolate*. For riots and public disturbances. *Grape*. Best for giants and runaway horses. *Butterscotch*. For rebellious armies, that one. Ah—here it was at last, *Cinnamon*—for bopping tough mountains!

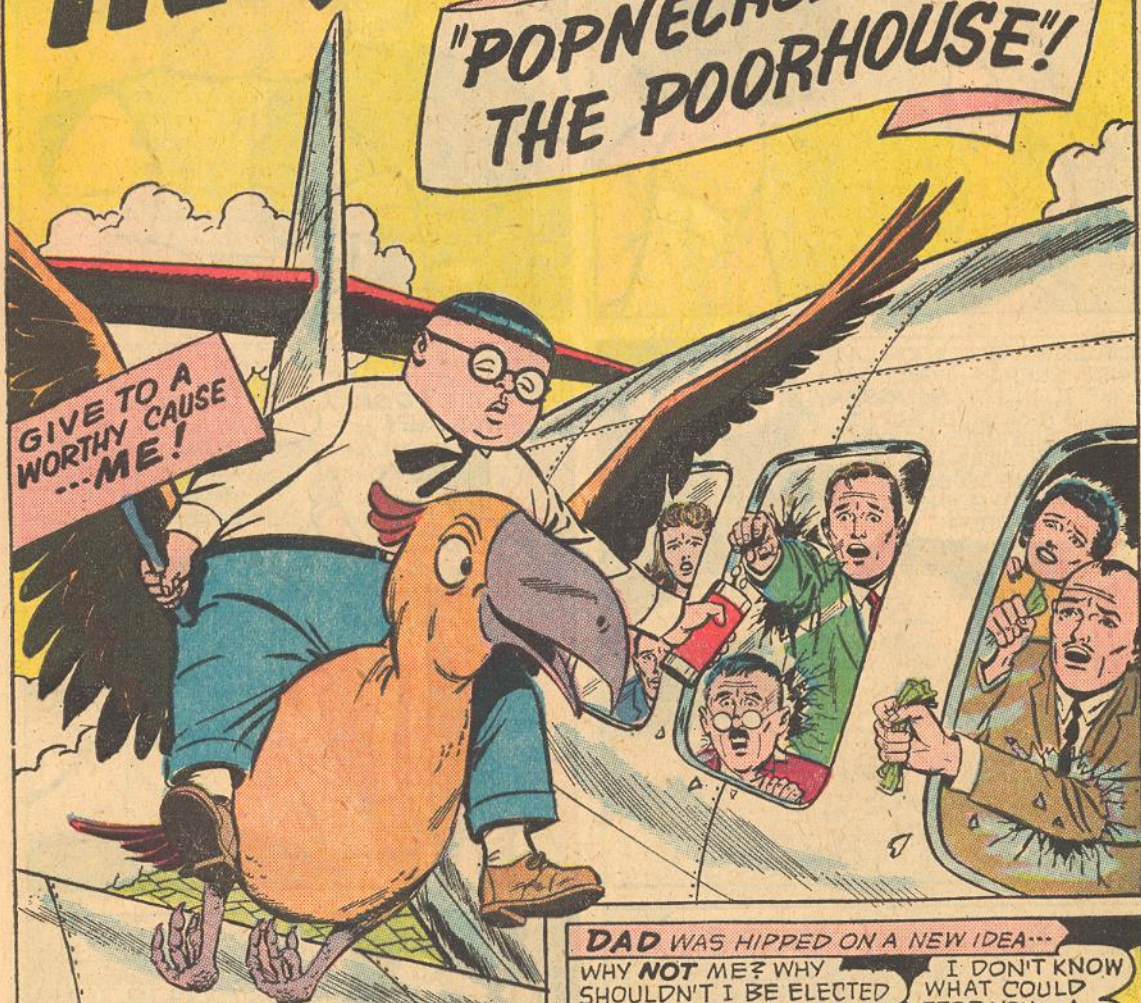
Wham! A terrific shock wave, with dirt and rocks flying in all directions. And when the dust cleared, the mountain had vanished. In its place was a pleasantly rolling terrain, already laid out in greens and fairways. "Better order more of the cinnamon," thought Herbie approvingly. "Get things done." Another walk through the Heavens—*plop, plop, plop*—and he was home again, to find Dad breathless with happy excitement. Already he had received telegrams offering him a hundred times what he had paid for that Florida land. Herbie sighed wearily and headed for the hammock. He felt that he had earned a rest. But even as he settled into it with a gurgling, fat sigh, he heard his father's tones. "Where's that little fat nothing of a son of ours?" he was saying. "Wasting his time doing nothing as usual, I suppose!"

Another sigh. That was Herbie getting out of the hammock. Yes, there was no doubt about it. It was a typical Tuesday for him!

FEEL IN THE PINK? BEEN SLEEPING WELL LATELY? THE **FAT FURY** WILL CHANGE ALL THAT, PAL. GET SET FOR A BREAKDOWN AND A REAL FRACTURE WHEN YOU MEET UP WITH THE ONE AND ONLY---

HERBIE *in*

"POPNECKER SAVES
THE POORHOUSE!"



STORY: SHANE
O'SHEA

ART: OGDEN
WHITNEY

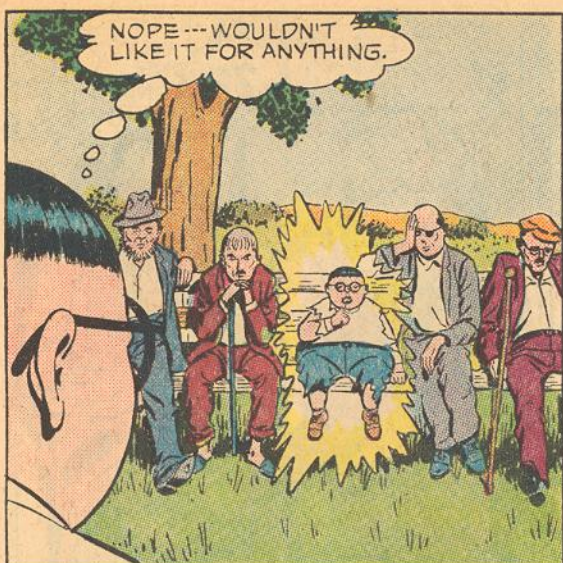
DAD WAS HIPPIED ON A NEW IDEA---

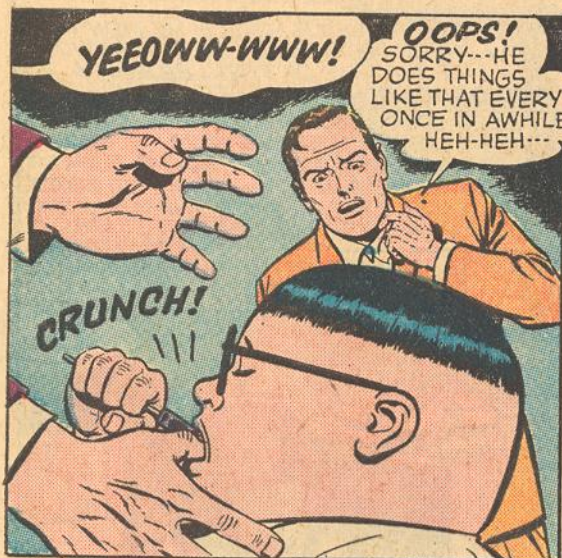
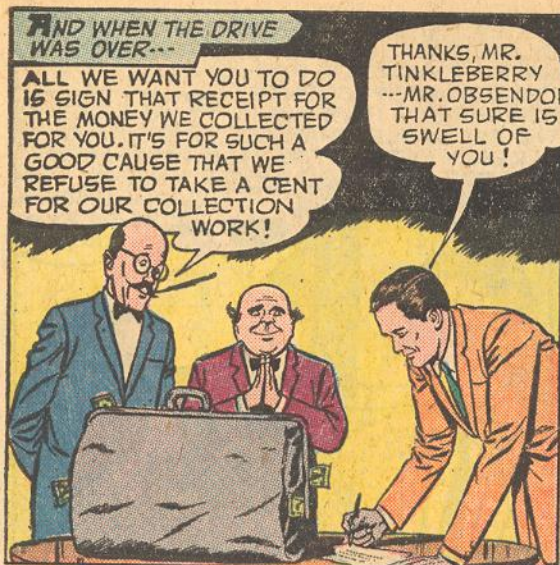
WHY NOT ME? WHY
SHOULDN'T I BE ELECTED
PRESIDENT OF THE
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE?
A GREAT HONOR LIKE
THAT--WHY, IT WOULD
BE THE MAKING
OF ME!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT COULD
STOP YOU...A
FINE MAN LIKE
YOU, THEY'D
HAVE TO BE
CRAZY NOT
TO ELECT
YOU.









BUT SEEING HIS PARENTS' AGITATION, HERBIE KNEW HE HAD TO DO **SOMETHING**...

GOT TO GET THAT STOLEN MONEY BACK. JOB COULD HAVE BEEN DONE BY SOMEONE WHO COMES AROUND HERE REGULARLY, LIKE THAT NEW MILKMAN. BETTER WATCH HIM... BUT HE MUSTN'T SUSPECT IT...

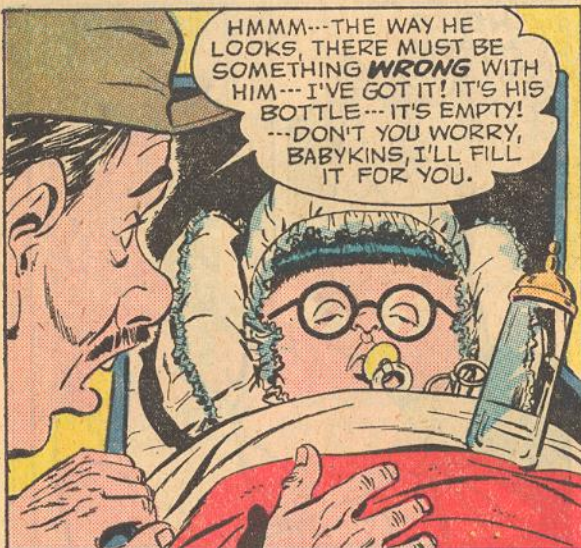


SO...WHEN THE MILKMAN CAME WITH HIS NEXT DELIVERY...

MY, WHAT A PRETTY BABY!



HMMM...THE WAY HE LOOKS, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING **WRONG** WITH HIM... I'VE GOT IT! IT'S HIS BOTTLE... IT'S EMPTY! ...DON'T YOU WORRY, BABYKINS, I'LL FILL IT FOR YOU.



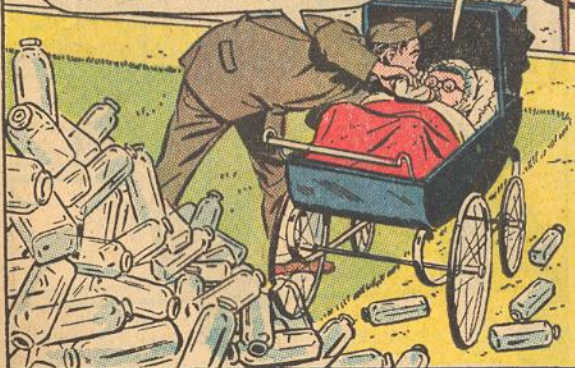
THERE, PWECIOUS, BABY BOTTLE **ALL** FILLED!...SAY, THAT'S A FUNNY PACIFIER HE'S GOT. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I COULD SWEAR THAT'S A **LOLLIPOP** ON THE OTHER END!



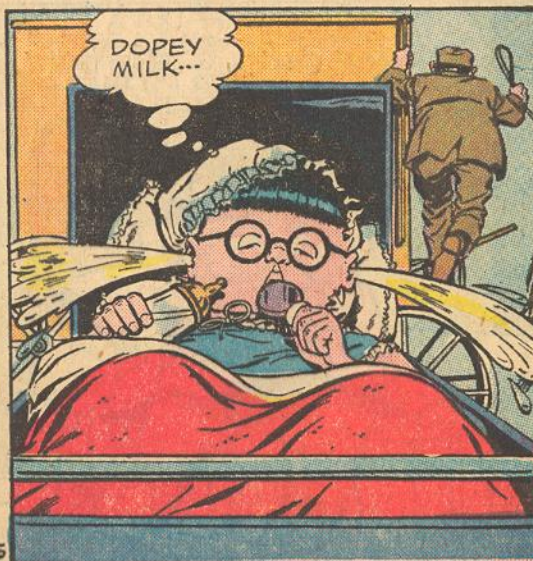
DUTIFULLY, HERBIE DRANK AND THE MILKMAN REFILLED...TIME AND AGAIN...

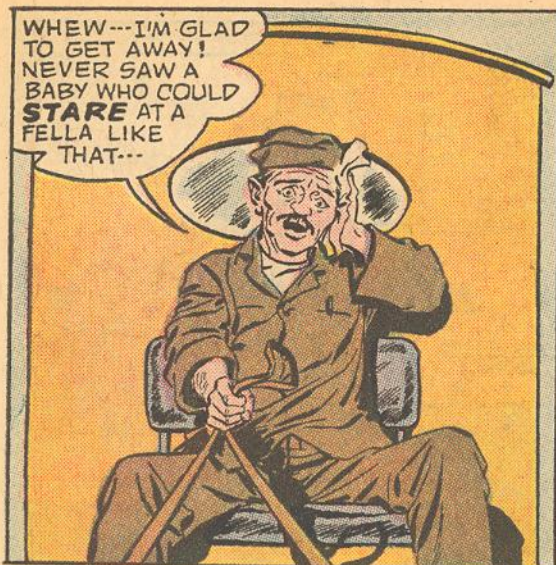
I DON'T GET IT...NEVER SAW SUCH A BABY...HE'S GONE THROUGH MY WHOLE WAGONLOAD OF MILK!... ER...DO YOU HAVE TO **LOOK** AT ME LIKE THAT, BABY?

GLUG!

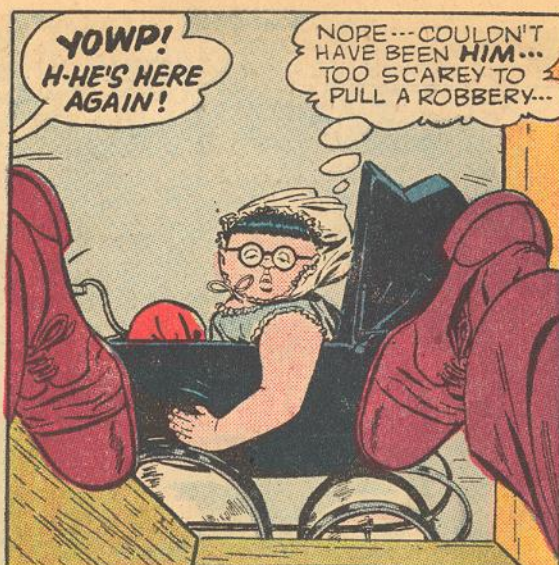


DOPEY MILK...





WHEW---I'M GLAD TO GET AWAY! NEVER SAW A BABY WHO COULD **STARE** AT A FELLA LIKE THAT---



YOWP!
H-HE'S HERE AGAIN!

NOPE---COULDN'T HAVE BEEN **HIM**... TOO SCAREY TO PULL A ROBBERY...



NEXT SUSPECT, THE POSTMAN. HERBIE DETERMINED TO WATCH HIM---**DISGUISED**, SO THERE'D BE NO SUSPICION---

KEEP MY EYE ON HIM---HE'LL NEVER KNOW ME IN THIS GETUP---

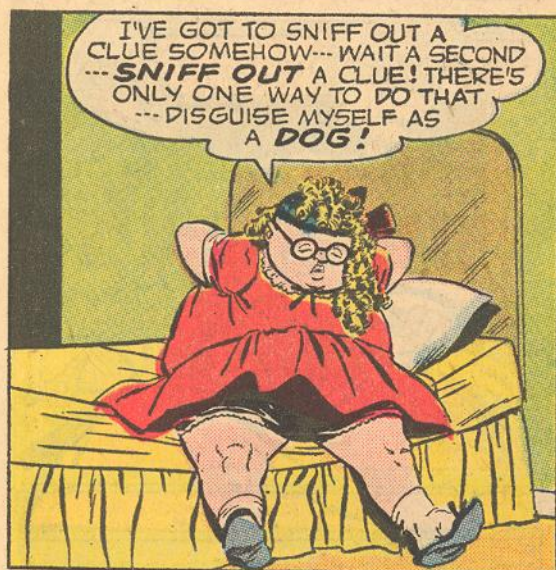
PHWEET!

MAIL!



HELLO, HERBIE!

WISE GUY!

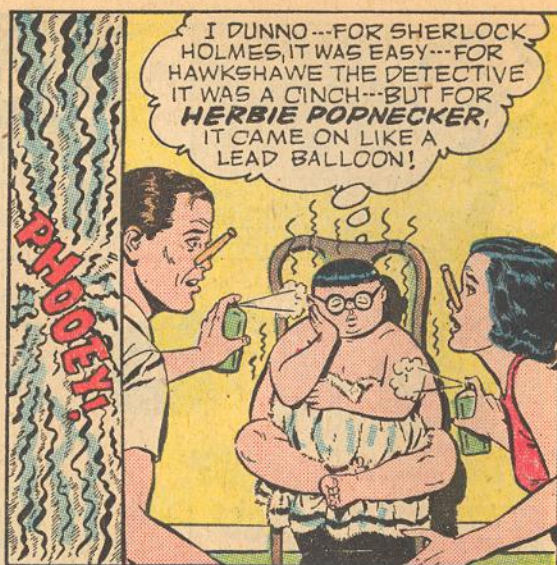
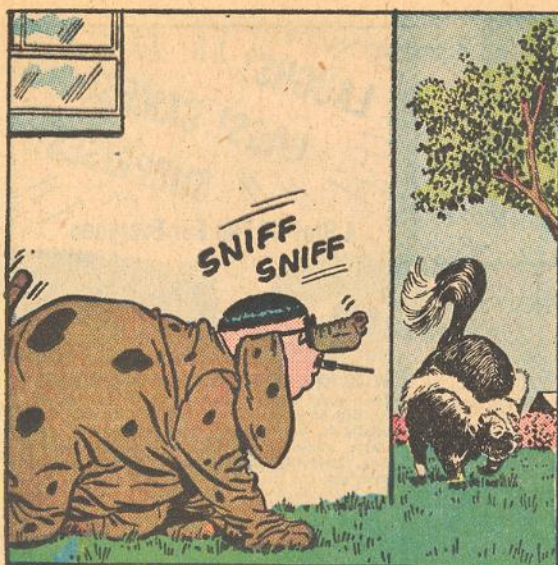


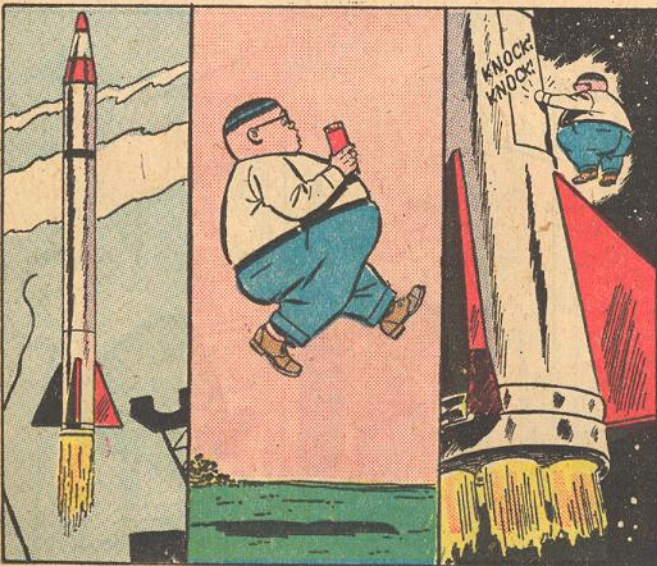
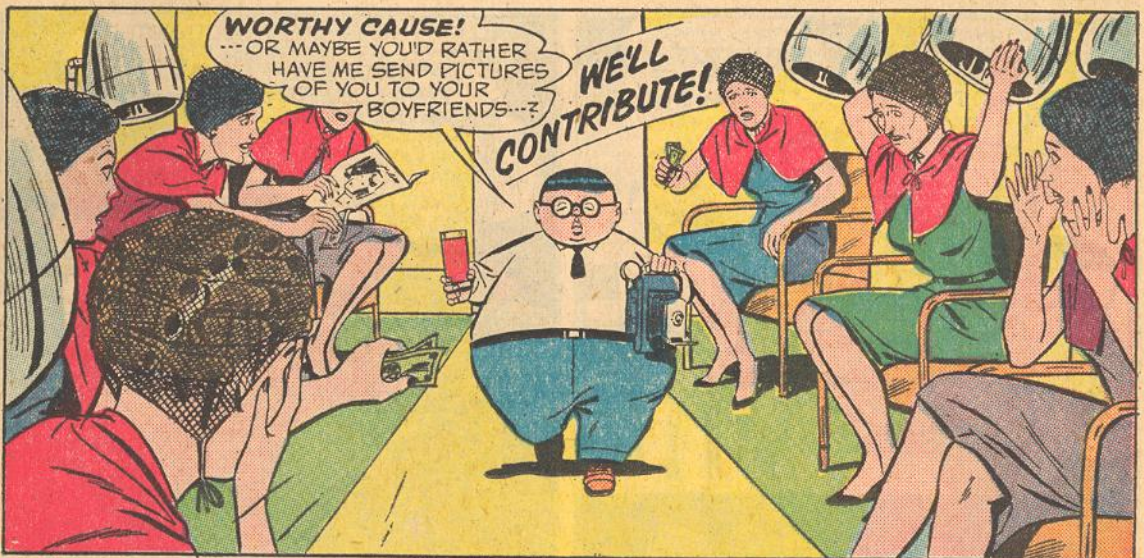
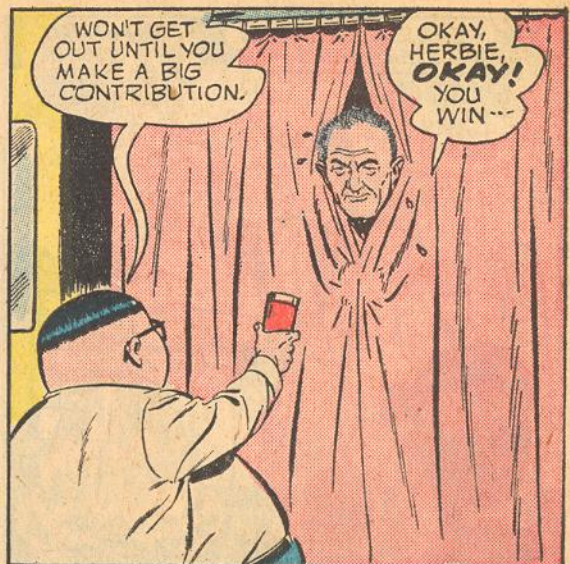
I'VE GOT TO SNIFF OUT A CLUE SOMEHOW---WAIT A SECOND---**SNIFF OUT A CLUE!** THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO THAT---**DISGUISE MYSELF AS A DOG!**

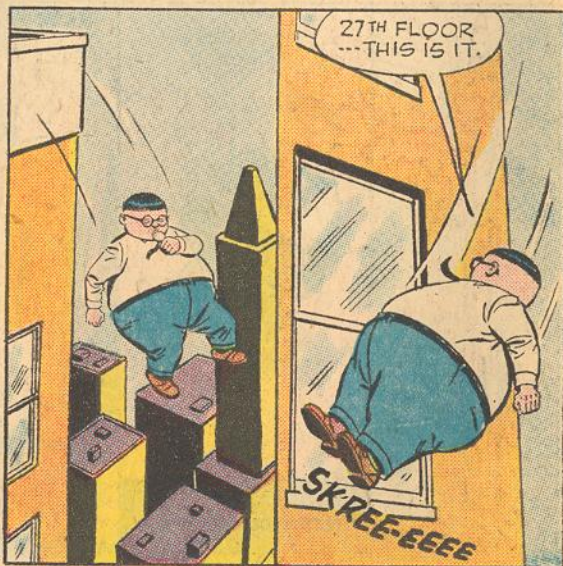


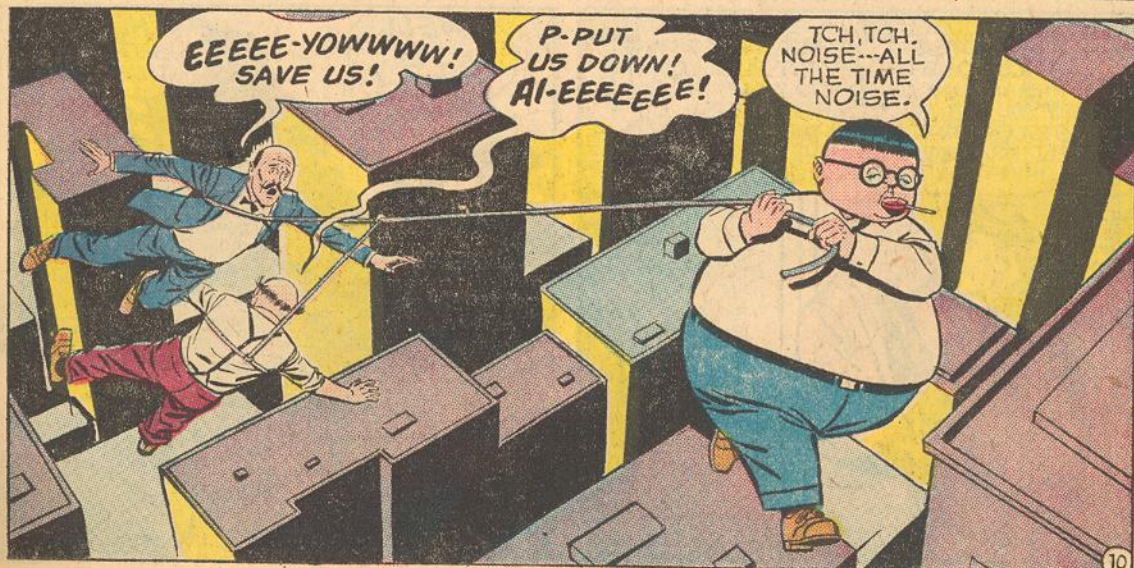
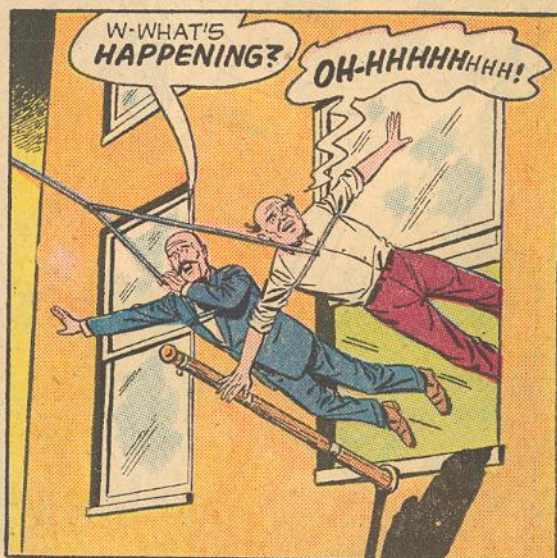
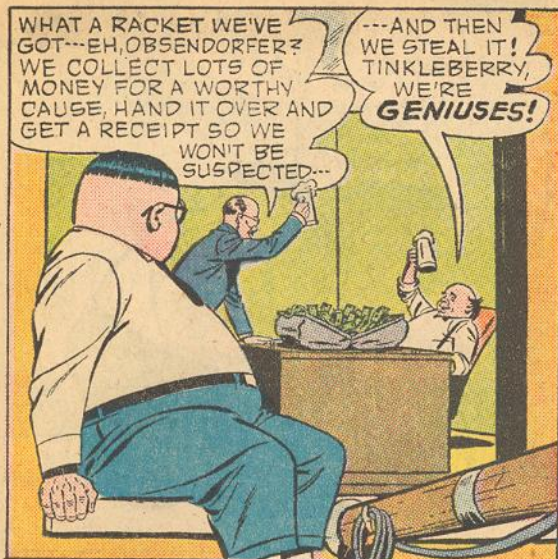
SNIFF OUT A CLUE---HERE GOES---

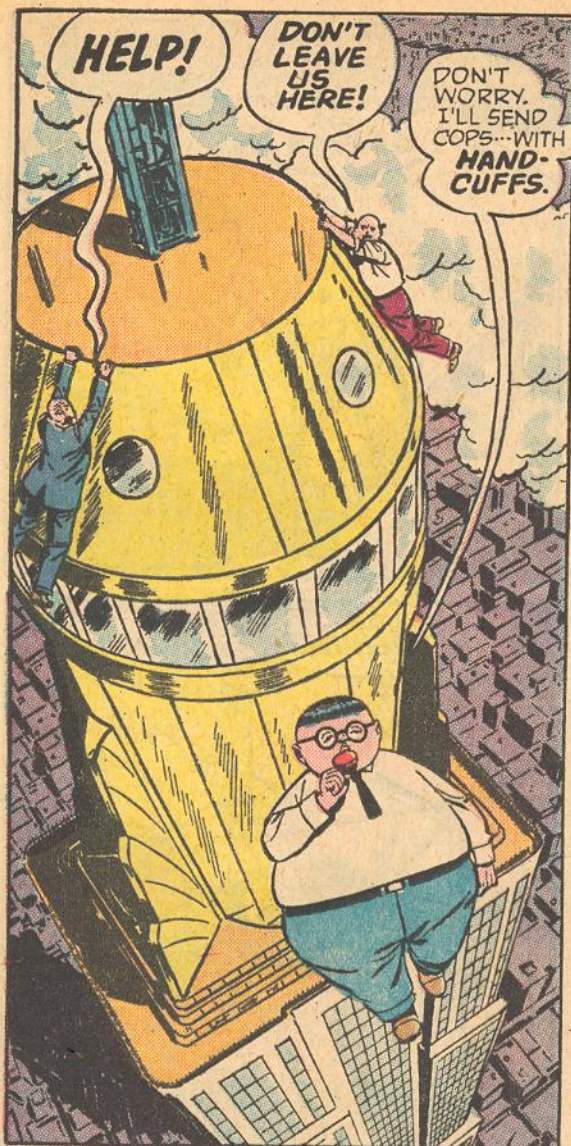
(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)







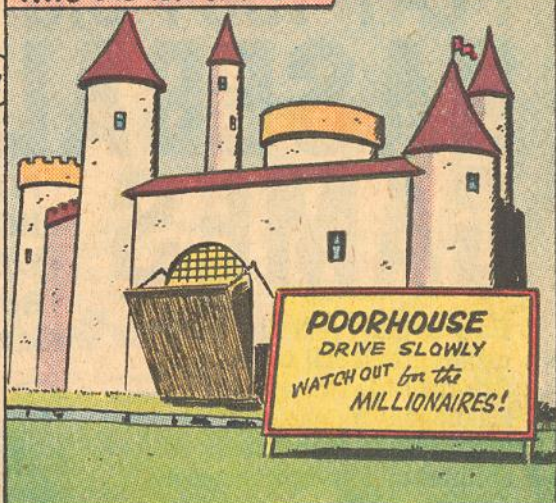




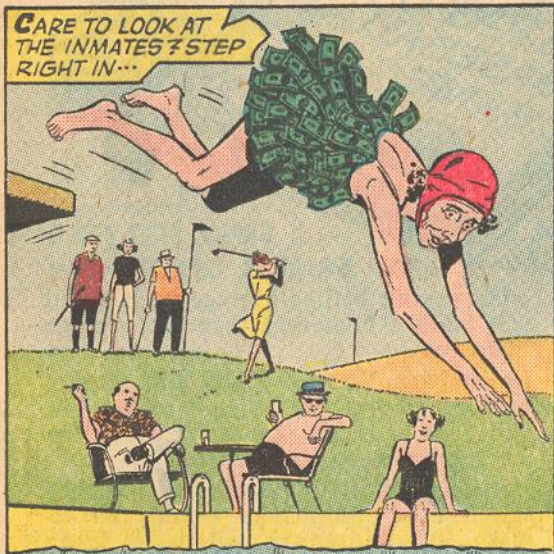
WANT TO SEE PART OF THE OUTCOME? LOOK... HERE ARE THE RESULTS OF THE ELECTION. IT'S UNANIMOUS... **MR. POPNECKER HAS BEEN ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE!** YESSIR, A RICHLY-DESERVED REWARD FOR HIS NOBLE EFFORTS!



AND WHERE THE OLD POORHOUSE HAD BEEN, THIS ONE NOW STANDS...

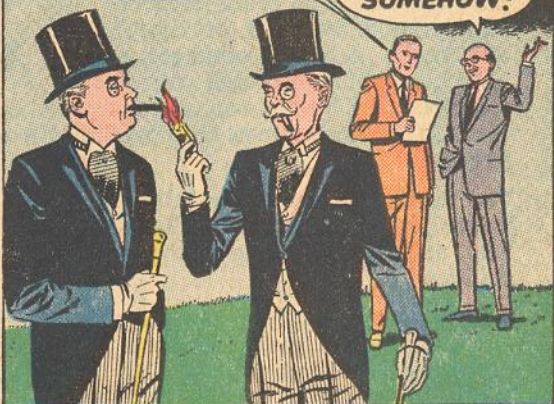


CARE TO LOOK AT THE INMATES? STEP RIGHT IN...



APPLICATIONS ARE POURING IN FROM ALL OVER TO ENTER OUR NEW POORHOUSE. EVEN FROM THE RICH...

LET 'EM ALL IN. WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF ALL THE MONEY THAT WAS COLLECTED **SOMEHOW!**



NOW BACK TO DAD...

YES, BOYS... YOU CAN PUBLISH IN ALL YOUR PAPERS THAT I MAY RUN FOR SENATE. AFTER ALL, A MAN WITH ALL MY DRIVE AND ENTERPRISE...

TOO BAD IT DOESN'T RUN IN THE FAMILY, EH, MR. POPNECKER?



YOU EVEN SPOIL MY PRESS CONFERENCES, LYING AROUND THE WAY YOU DO! OH, WHY CAN'T YOU BE A LIVEWIRE LIKE **ME**... INSTEAD OF JUST A LITTLE FAT NOTHING!

?!?

